Glory Hole Goodness by BillysHardgrove

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Summary:

There's only one place in Hawkins where gay guys go to get their rocks off.

Glory Hole Goodness

Author's Note:

> Shout out to all my non-fandom friends who were actually scandalized that I knew about glory holes. They truely inspired me.

Steve was freaking out.

What the fuck was he doing here? Why did he come here? How did he ever think this was a good idea? He was sitting on top of a toilet in a shady bar on the outskirts of Hawkins, nervously tapping his foot as he kept glancing at the 3 inch hole cut in the side of the stall.

He heard about the place from Tommy of all people. They were talking about this random guy they go to school with, Steve doesn't even remember who, when Tommy had said with that annoying grin of his: 'I bet he is a regular at the hole in Green's.'

'What are you taking about?' Steve had frowned.

'Green's! Everybody knows that that's where all the queers go to… You know…' he wiggled his finger, while he cocked an eyebrow. 'Apparently there's a hole in the bathroom stalls.'

Steve turned bright red, but managed a shaky smirk when he said: 'Yeah Tommy? How would you know? Have some experience?'

Tommy had laughed out loud at his words and punched him in the shoulder.

Steve hadn't stop thinking about it. Tommy's words kept running through his head. He had been wondering about himself even before Nancy broke up with him.

He knew the other guys on the team didn't have as much trouble keeping their eyes looking straight ahead when they were showering and he knew the other guys didn't slip a finger up their butts every time they jerked off.

He supposed he was lucky Nancy was a virgin when they first slept together and hadn't questioned his preferences too much.

The thing was, he didn't even mind the fact that he was -*probably*- bisexual. What he did mind was the fact that a certain blond asshole seemed to pop into his head every time he stroked himself now. His name was on his lips every time he pushed passed that ring of muscles and he couldn't stop himself from imagining that tongue around his cock every time he came.

He thought that maybe visiting the place would resolve some of the sexual tension. He just wanted to be able to hop into the showers immediately after practise, instead of having to jerk off quickly in the bathroom because Billy had been grinding into him on the court. Honestly, Steve could bite down on his knuckles and fake cough all he wanted, but he was loud as fuck and his teammates were bound to notice what he had been up to.

Maybe someone already had, judging by the self-satisfied smirk Billy always threw his way when he re-emerged in the locker room.

He thought maybe this would help get that asshole out of his mind.

He had driven past the place a couple of times and it looked like a shithole to be honest. It was never busy; usually there were only a couple of older men sitting at the bar, but luckily never someone he knew. He never planned on actually going if he was being honest, but here he was.

He had been sitting on the toilet cover for about 10 minutes and his mind was going into overdrive.

Did he even want to get his dick sucked by some old man? The men at the bar all looked a bit gross actually. What if he was expected to suck dick? Did he want to that? No, right? And what if he got a disease? Weren't people dying from this gay epidemic?

Fuck.

He couldn't do this.

Steve scrambled to his feet, ready to bolt out of the bar and forget

about this stupid idea altogether, when he heard someone enter the bathroom.

He froze, holding his breath as he listened intently to the sounds outside of the cubicle. The other person entered the stall beside him and Steve felt his heart beating in his throat, trembling in anticipation.

Fuck, how did this even work? Was he supposed to just stick his dick through the hole? What if the other guy was just taking a dump? Should he knock? Should he talk? No, shit, the whole point of this was anonymity.

Steve was still frozen in place, panicking over proper glory hole etiquette when two fingers appeared through the hole.

He stared at them, wide-eyed.

Okay.

Shit.

This was really happening then.

Fuck.

Now what?

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Billy wasn't exactly proud of it, but he needed to get his rocks off somewhere and in Shitstain, Indiana, this was the only place to go for a gay boy. It wasn't exactly anonymous, especially since he was the only guy below the age of 40 to ever set foot in the place, but the old geezers all had something to hide, so he figured they would keep their mouth shut.

He didn't even know why he did it, he kind of hated himself every

time he lowered his knees down on the greasy tiles and took some sad, wrinkly cock in his mouth. He definitely hated himself afterwards when he wiped his chin and stared at the puddle of cum on the floor between his knees, his own dick spent and limp in his hand.

He just needed it.

He couldn’t even get it up with the Hawkins girls and even though the materialisation of hit wet dreams was always bouncing around the court right in front of him, he would die before he let himself make a move on Harrington.

King Steve was the epitome of straight and bound to spread the word once he found out about Billy. Even though he swore he saw the outline of Steve’s hard dick through his shorts one time before he ducked into the bathroom, he couldn’t risk it.

So instead, he went to the shitty, filthy bar. It was the only place he could get off, fucking into his hand as he sucked some random guy's cock, imagining it was the pale, lanky boy on the other side of the wall.

Billy would always go straight into the bathroom, not even looking at the guys in the bar. He didn’t want to know what they looked like, it would ruin the whole thing.

It never took too long for someone else to shuffle in after him. He guessed word got around about his skills.

This time however, someone was already occupying one of the stalls when he walked in.

Ugh, he hoped the other guy didn’t expect to suck his dick, because even though he knew there was no moral or sanitary difference, he refused to get his dick sucked by some ancient, closeted creep.

Billy went into the free stall and closed the door behind him. He wasted no time and stuck his fingers through the hole, signalling that he was up for it.

He gave them a little wiggle, before he retreated his fingers and

palmed his cock through his jeans. He was already chubbing up, even though his stomach was churning uncomfortably when he waited for yet another sad dick to appear through the hole. But nothing happened.

Billy frowned as he stuck his fingers through the hole again, wiggling them a bit more aggressively.

Maybe the guy was just using the toilet? Did people actually do that here?

He was about to retreat them again and wait for a bit, when he felt surprisingly smooth fingers brush against his own. The other guy hooked his fingers around his own for a quick moment before they disappeared again.

Billy nearly snorted at the innocence of the gesture.

He was clearly dealing with a glory hole virgin. This might actually turn out to be fun. He smirked, he was gonna rock this guy's world. If he had never been to a glory hole before, chances were, in a prissy town like Hawkins, that he had never even been with a guy before. He had probably never been given good head before and Billy licked his lips at the thought. This guy was gonna be ruined forever and would be begging for seconds when he was done.

He hooked his fingers up in the air, gesturing to the other guy to come closer, hoping he would understand that it was dick-sucking time.

There was a shuffling sound from the other stall and Billy saw pristine white sneakers poke out from under the divider.

He vaguely wondered about the hip footwear before the swollen head of the guy's cock appeared through the hole. Billy grinned at the way the guy hesitantly pushed his cock through the opening until his belly was flush against the wood.

Billy licked his lips at the sight before humming approvingly.

The guy was hung. And he wasn't even fully hard yet.

Billy spat in his hand and squeezed the base, before tugging a couple of times to make sure the guy's balls were squeezed through the opening as well to avoid any painful pinching later on. His other hand unzipped his own pants and took out his cock before he went to work.

He took the tip in his mouth, sucking softly while his hand pumped the thick shaft. He heard the man sigh at the sensation, which was Billy's cue to start sucking in earnest.

He took more of the guy in his mouth, fist pumping the part that he couldn't quit reach. Soon he found a steady rhythm, his head bobbing up and down enthusiastically and he swirled his tongue around the head every time he came up.

He could hear the guy curse under his breath and his heavy breathing was quickly replaced by muffled groans. Billy loved it when they tried to be quiet but failed so completely.

He picked up the pace and worked his own cock with his free hand, stroking himself in time with the bobbing of his head.

Billy detached his lips with a loud plopping sound, his hand pumping the guy's length in a fast pace to make up for the loss. He slurped up the trail of saliva connecting his lips to the cock in front of him and he took a moment to admire it. It was even more impressive, now that it was fully erect. The thick, veiny shaft was curved upward slightly, glistening from his spit and flushed a dark pink. The head was beautifully swollen and Billy watched hungrily as precum welled up at the tip. He rarely got this lucky.

Billy thumbed the slit, spreading the precum over the length, before putting his mouth on him again. He dived in, swallowing the guy down in one go as he tried to relax his throat as best as he could. His nose hit the wood and he heared the guy let out a high-pitched moan, before what he thought was a hand slap over his mouth, muffling the sound a bit.

He slid back up, sucking hard at the tip, before deep throating him again. Billy could feel the stranger's cock hit the back of his throat and he was fisting his own cock furiously at this point, revelling in

the feeling.

His free hand came up to roll the guy's balls in his fingers and the guy was full-on babbling now at the other side of the wall. A constant string of muffled nonsense left his lips, interrupted by a low, throaty groan when Billy hummed around his dick. The guy bucked up into his mouth at the vibrations and for a second Billy thought the wooden divider was gonna fall down from the force of it.

He kept sliding his head up and down his dick, taking all of him in as he kept slurping, licking and humming around it. He knew the guy wouldn't be able to hold on much longer, judging by the amount of noise he was making.

God, those sounds had him nearing the edge as well.

The guy banged his fist on the wall in what Billy assumed was a warning for him, but instead of popping off and stroking the guy through his orgasm like he usually did, he pushed down even deeper.

His nose dug painfully into the wood and he swallowed around the huge cock buried deep in his throat. The guy stilled for a moment, before jerking erratically against the wall. Billy felt warm spurts of cum hit the back of his throat and he could feel his own orgasm approaching as he tried to swallow it all down. His fist was working impossibly fast as he drank in the guy's loud moans.

'Fuck- Aah, fuck-fuck yeah, nng. Yes, Bil-'

The guy was no longer trying to keep quiet as the words tumbled from his lips and- fuck, Billy had heard that voice before.

His eyes widened in recognition for a brief moment, before his orgasm hit him hard. He was actually seeing stars, unable to suppress a low groan as thick spurts of cum painted the wooden divider. He stroked himself through the aftershocks, his entire body twitching at the feeling, before he slumped down on the back of his heels.

Holy fuck, that was one of the most intense orgasms Billy had ever had.

He sat there, panting heavily, for a good while before he returned to

the present. He was still lazily stroking his sensitive dick as he watched his cum drip down from the wall onto the tiles.

The other guy zipped up and cleared his throat awkwardly.

Billy's head snapped up at the sound, suddenly alert again as he remembered the familiarity of the guy's voice.

Fuck, it couldn't be, right? He was making this all up. It was just wishful thinking. It had to be.

But hell, he could've sworn the guy almost moaned his name when he came.

He knew Steve was well-endowed. He had eyed his cock in the shower, fantasised about getting his mouth on it countless of times. Was it the same cock that he had just shoved down his throat?

And the sneakers. Didn't Steve have a pair like that?

He couldn't remember, but when he heard the bathroom door fall shut, he was up on his feet in no time. He tucked his dick back in his pants and threw open the stall door before rushing into the bar, to the front door.

When he stumbled onto the sidewalk, he was just in time to see a familiar BMW round the corner.

'Fuck,' Billy muttered, absolutely gobsmacked as he stared at the empty road. After a minute or two, he turned around and got into his own car.

The engine roared to life and Billy sped away, grinning from ear to ear.

Author's Note:

billys-hard-grove on tumblr!

(theres probably gonna be a second part to this someday, but who knows)